

Wren by [vanishingbyler](#)

Series: [Wren Phillips \[1\]](#)

Category: Stranger Things (TV 2016)

Genre: Fluff, M/M

Language: English

Characters: Jonathan Byers, Joyce Byers, Original Male Character(s), Will Byers

Relationships: Jonathan Byers/Original Male Character(s)

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Summary:

The three most important people in Jonathan's life were right here beside him.

Wren

Author's Note:

so yesterday evening jules tweeted a Concept abt
alex lawther playing a soft english art nerd that
moves to hawkins and becomes jonathans boyfriend

and then somebody else named him wren phillips

and thus wrenathan was born

basically, I love wrenathan with all my heart even
tho wren is so fictional he doesn't even exist in
fiction so here's a soft lil fic

Jonathan and Wren were curled on the couch, Will's *Star Wars* VHS playing quietly in the background. The two were vaguely aware of some duel going on between someone or other, but neither was paying enough attention to the screen to know who. Wren's head was on Jon's shoulder, fitting into the crook of his neck like he was designed to be there. Jonathan's arm was resting gently around him, slender fingers playing with his hair, twirling it around and around his index finger, gentle, cautious not to pull it. It was soft, silky, it felt comforting.

Wren's baseball jacket was acting as a blanket for the two of them. Although Jonathan was taller and broader, he was still pretty small, especially alongside the built figure of Wren's older brother, who'd passed the jacket down.

The fire was burning beside them, but the warmth was nothing compared to the love between them.

Jonathan's eyes flickered across his boyfriend's face, taking in every

blemish, every scar, every dark circle. Every so-called imperfection seemed to radiate light. The cluster of scar tissue by his right eye, the indent in his ear from a bad decision to pierce it in the school bathroom in seventh grade. His fringe fell over his eyes slightly, fluttering with each gentle breath. A slight smile twitched at his lips and Jonathan felt his heart melt.

The silence between them made Jonathan more comfortable than anything else in the world. They didn't need to talk to communicate; Wren's gentle smile and the stillness of Jonathan's usually twitching leg said it all.

Both boys cast their eyes up as they heard the latch on the front door. Joyce walked in, arms laden with paper bags from the store. Wren leapt up to help take the weight, and Jonathan joined. Joyce beamed at the two as they shared the bulk of the shopping.

"Oh, you're good boys. Wren sweetie, are you staying for dinner?"

"It's fine Mrs. Byers, I wouldn't want to intrude."

Jonathan could practically feel himself turn to mush as Wren's soothing voice filled the room. It was nice to hear the southern English accent contrast with his mom's familiar tones.

"Please, call me Joyce. And it's no trouble- you know me, I always make enough for 10."

Wren chuckled, "If you're sure. Do you mind if I use your phone? My mum might worry."

"Of course, sweetie."

They placed the bags on the kitchen table, and Jonathan helped unload the food as Wren went through to the phone.

“He's such a nice boy.”

“I know.” Jonathan blushed.

“I'm happy you've found somebody.”

“He's just a friend.” he retorted shyly, and Joyce shot back a knowing look.

“I can read you like a book, Jon. You melt whenever he looks at you.”

The boy began to blush even more furiously, averting his gaze to his feet as he continued putting canned goods in the cupboard.

The back door swung open to reveal Will, a wide grin across his face and his hair windswept from the bike ride home. He called out a goodbye to Mike, who was already whizzing away along the street to get to his own home before dark. Will walked inside, cheeks flushed from cold, and gave his mom and brother a quick hug. Wren re-entered the room quietly.

“Wren!” Will screeched, his huge grin somehow spreading wider.

“Hey, kid. How was school?”

“It was awesome! We got some new equipment in at A/V Club, and my art teacher gave me an award, and Mike and I are planning to go out for dinner next week and it was just awesome!”

"That sounds great." Wren smiled back, his quiet, dulcet tones making everyone in the room feel calmer.

"Can we play Atari later?"

"It's up to your mum, but I don't mind."

"Mom?" Will asked hopefully, eyes wide and claspings his hands into a begging motion.

Joyce rolled her eyes. "Only until dinner. After that, homework."

Will whooped and grabbed Wren's hand, dragging him through to the front room while Jon and Joyce stayed in the kitchen.

They started cooking a meal, Jonathan stealing glances at the doorway every so often, just able to catch a glimpse of the boys in the living room. It made his heart swell, seeing how good Wren was with his little brother. He felt so at peace, knowing there was somebody else in this world that could be there for Will the same way Jonathan himself was. The kid deserved it. He could tell Joyce thought the same.

Around half an hour later, the food was more or less ready, and Joyce called through to the others to come eat. They came through with smiles on their faces.

Jonathan and Wren sat beside each other, shifting their chairs infinitesimally closer, joining their knees under the table to fulfil their need for contact. Will was opposite Wren, chattering away excitedly about some nonsense or other, Wren nodding along politely as if he had any idea what the kid was talking about. Joyce was mothering as usual, offering everyone extra food and ruffling Will's hair. Jonathan sparked up a conversation about photography and

Wren's eyes lit up, causing him to babble away in his beautiful voice about the project he had planned and the new dark room equipment he was saving up for.

Jonathan realised, in that exact moment, as he looked around at the three faces painted with the most genuine smiles he'd ever seen, that his whole world was at this table. If he died and could only relive one moment for the rest of time, it'd be this one. The people that made most effort to pick up the shards of Jonathan's broken heart were with him, fixing him up with every smile, laugh, and affectionate comment.

Jonathan Byers was at his absolute happiest.